



ANC

TALES OF FANTASY AND SUSPENSE!

10c

No.5

WW

# ERIE



OPERATION  
HORROR  
MASTER of  
the CATS  
I PAINTED  
ONLY TERROR  
the KNIFE  
of JACK  
the RIPPER

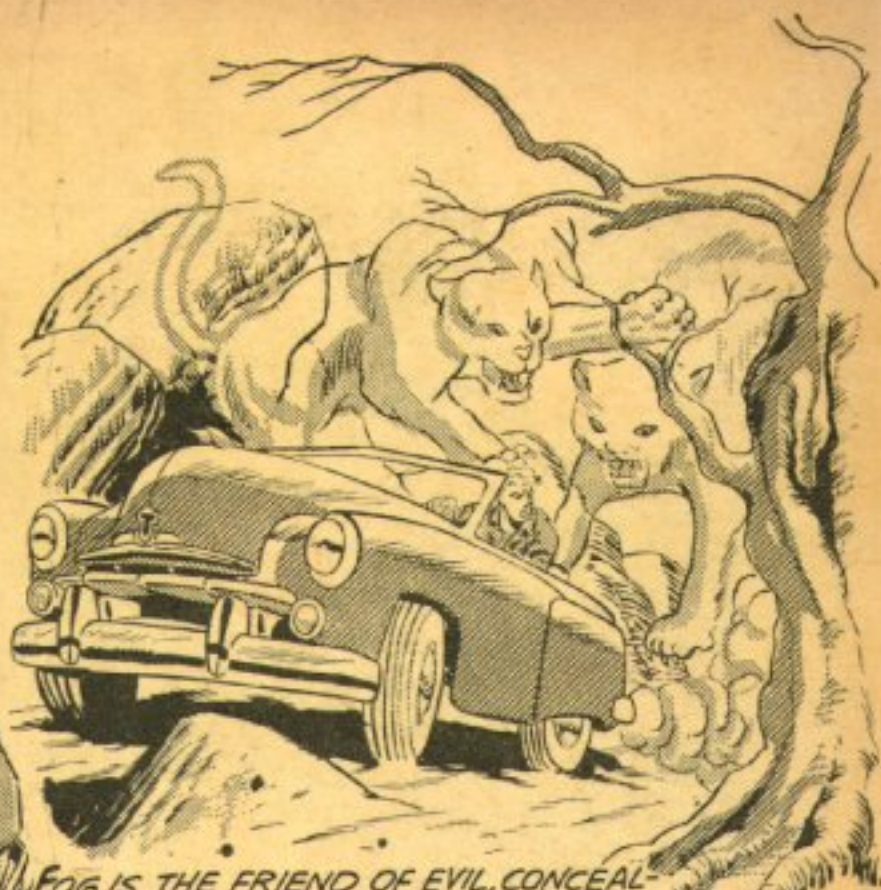




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WAS IT A DREAM? THE APPEARANCE  
OF THIS PREHISTORIC MONSTER?  
WAS IT IMAGINATION? THE CAVE  
MAN HAD COME BACK... AND HIS  
MISSION WAS... MURDER!  
"OPERATION HORROR!"



FOG IS THE FRIEND OF EVIL, CONCEAL-  
ING STRANGE SECRETS OF LIFE... TOO HORRIBLE TO  
BE REVEALED. THE PADDED FEET WERE  
CREEPING EVER CLOSER TO TWO INNO-  
CENT PEOPLE LOST IN THE MISTS!  
"MASTER OF THE CATS!"

REMEMBER MY  
WARNING...  
MY NEXT  
VICTIM MAY BE...  
YOU!!  
"THE KNIFE OF  
JACK THE RIPPER!!"



PAUL BEAUMONT BUILT HIS FAME WITH  
HIS PAINTINGS OF HUMAN TERROR!  
AND THEN HE PLANNED HIS MASTERPIECE!  
NOTHING WOULD STOP HIM--NOT EVEN  
THOUGH IT COST THE LIFE OF HIS BEAUTIFUL  
MODEL! "I PAINT ONLY TERROR!"



# I PAINTED ONLY TERROR!

FASTER! FASTER!

PAUL BEAUMONT BUILT HIS FAME WITH HIS PAINTINGS OF HUMAN TERROR! AND THEN HE PLANNED HIS MASTERPIECE! NOTHING WOULD STOP HIM---NOT EVEN THOUGH IT COST THE LIFE OF HIS BEAUTIFUL MODEL! PAUL BEAUMONT DID NOT KNOW THE GRISLY RETRIBUTION THAT WOULD COME, WHEN HE SAID.....  
*"I PAINTED ONLY TERROR!"*

YES! YES, I'LL PAINT IT! THE PICTURE OF A PERSON MORE FRIGHTENED THAN ANYONE HAS BEEN BEFORE! HA! HA! MY MASTERPIECE!

DOC, YOU'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING FOR ME! I'M GETTING TOO FRIGHTENED!

ABOUT WHAT, MR. BEAUMONT?

I CAN'T SLEEP! I HAVE SUCH TERRIBLE NIGHTMARES! DOC, MAYBE YOU KNOW, I'M AN ARTIST! FOR FIVE YEARS NOW I'VE PAINTED ONLY PICTURES OF PEOPLE FRIGHTENED! I'VE BUILT A REPUTATION FOR IT!

I'VE SEEN YOUR PAINTINGS! YOU DEPICT HUMAN TERROR WONDERFULLY!



I ALWAYS LIKED TO STUDY TERROR! IT... IT FASCINATED ME! I REMEMBER THE FIRST PAINTING I DID! I PAINTED A WOMAN'S FACE FROM MEMORY! I WAS IN A CROWD, WATCHING A FIRE! THERE WAS A WOMAN IN A BURNING WINDOW...



HELP! AAIIEEE!



MY PICTURE OF THAT WOMAN MADE A HIT! ...I DISCOVERED I'M GOOD AT PAINTING THAT SORT OF THING! I GOT A CHANCE TO SEE A MAN ELECTROCUTED! I'LL NEVER FORGET THE WAY HE LOOKED WHEN HE FIRST SAW THE CHAIR...



I'VE PAINTED HUNDREDS OF THAT KIND OF PICTURE! I'M FAMOUS! BUT, DOC...I'M GETTING TOO NERVOUS! DOC, WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME?



FEAR IS COMMUNICABLE! YOU'VE DABBLED IN IT TOO MUCH! I'D ADVISE YOU TO GIVE UP PAINTING THINGS LIKE THAT! TRY PAINTING PRETTY FARM SCENES... A RIVER! BIRDS IN THE TREES!

DOC, ARE YOU CRAZY?



ME, PAINT THINGS LIKE THAT? HA! HA! THAT'S FUNNY! WHY...I PAINT ONLY TERROR! YOU HAD BETTER STOP BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE, MR. BEAUMONT!



OKAY, DOC, THAT'S WHAT I'LL DO! I'LL GO RIGHT HOME AND PAINT A PICTURE OF MAMA BIRD FEEDING LITTLE BABY BIRD! GOOD IDEA! THANKS FOR THE ADVICE! HA! HA!





BACK AT HOME, THAT EVENING ...

THAT DOC THINKS I'M CRAZY!  
HA! HA! WHAT A LAUGH!



... BUT HE'S RIGHT, IT'S MAKING ME NERVOUS! I KNOW  
WHAT I'LL DO--I'LL PAINT JUST ONE SUPREME  
MASTERPIECE! IT'LL BRING ME FAME ALL OVER  
THE WORLD!



... NOW WHAT I'LL NEED IS A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG  
GIRL MODEL! I'LL TELL HER NOTHING! THEN I'LL  
FRIGHTEN HER--OH, I'LL FRIGHTEN HER, ALL  
RIGHT! HA! HA! ...



PAUL BEAUMONT LIVED IN A SUBURBAN COTTAGE,  
WITH HIS ELDERLY HOUSEKEEPER! BUT THE OLD  
WOMAN WAS AWAY THIS WEEK! HE MADE HIS DIABOL-  
ICAL PREPARATIONS!

... MY HIGH-SPEED CAMERA, HIDDEN! WHEN I  
GET HER REALLY FRIGHTENED, IT'LL SNAP A  
CLOSEUP OF HER FACE! ...



... I'LL HAVE THAT SNAPSHOT OF HOW SHE LOOKS,  
AS TERRIFIED AS ANYBODY CAN BE! THEN I'LL  
PAINT FROM THE PHOTOGRAPH! HA! HA! I'LL  
PUT THE AD IN TOMORROW!



... I'M SURE SICK OF WORKIN' IN THE FIVE AN' TEN!  
I'M GOOD LOOKIN', WHY COULDN'T I BE A MODEL?







IT SEEMED SIMPLE ENOUGH--POSING FOR AN ARTIST WHO WANTED TO PAINT HER PICTURE!

YES, I THINK THAT YOU WILL DO! WE'LL START NOW! YOU'LL FIND YOUR COSTUME IN THE DRESSING ROOM!

OH! ALL RIGHT, SIR!



AND PRESENTLY...

I'M READY, MR. BEAUMONT!



OH, GOOD! I'LL BE WITH YOU IN A MINUTE!



TO THE UNSUSPECTING GIRL IT WAS A GRISLY, A TERRIBLE SHOCK! SHE STOOD TRANSFIXED, WITH THE BLOOD DRAINING FROM HER FACE AND HER HEART RACING!





THEN, SUDDENLY, BEAUMONT FELT HER GO LIMP IN HIS GRIP! HE DID NOT REALIZE WHAT HAD HAPPENED! HE WAS LAUGHING WILDLY WITH EXCITEMENT AS HIS CAMERA CLICKED...

... GOT IT! JUST PERFECT...



AND IN ANOTHER MOMENT...

WHY—SHE'S DEAD! I FRIGHTENED HER TO DEATH!



THE ULTIMATE OF HUMAN TERROR! TRIUMPH SURGED IN BEAUMONT! HE BURIED THE BODY OF LITTLE MAISE GREEN OUT IN THE DARK, LONELY WOODS NEAR HIS COTTAGE...

NOW I'LL DEVELOP THE PHOTOGRAPH AND PAINT MY MASTERPIECE FROM IT!



IN THE LITTLE DARK ROOM IN HIS CELLAR.

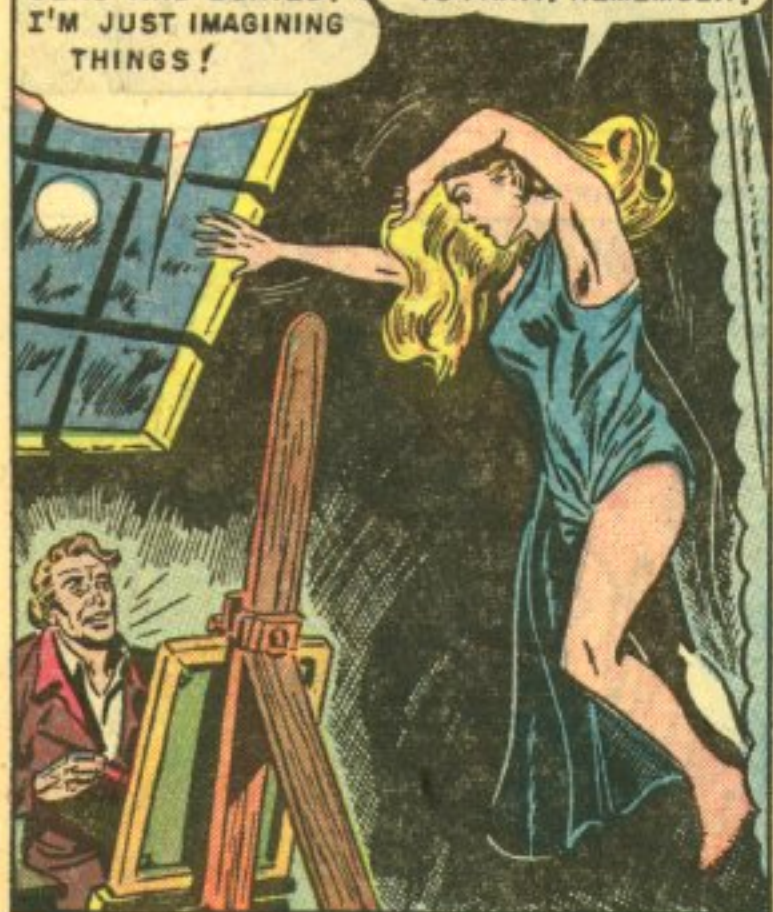
IT'S COMING OUT PERFECT... THAT GIRL SAID SHE WAS NEW IN TOWN—NO FAMILY—NO FRIENDS—NO ONE WILL EVEN MISS HER!



AT MIDNIGHT HE WAS READY! BUT, SUDDENLY...

WHA--?! NO! NO—IT CAN'T BE! YOU'RE DEAD AND BURIED! I'M JUST IMAGINING THINGS!

DEAD—YES! BUT YOU'VE GOT YOUR MASTERPIECE TO PAINT! REMEMBER?



PAINT IT! PAINT IT! YOU WANT A PICTURE OF HUMAN TERROR? GO ON, PAINT IT!

YES, OF COURSE I WILL! MY MASTERPIECE! HA! NOBODY WILL EVER PAINT A PICTURE OF TERROR LIKE THIS ONE!





THE HOURS PASSED...THROUGH THE NIGHT...  
AND WHEN THE DAWN CAME...

DON'T STOP, I TELL YOU!  
KEEP GOING! YOUR MASTER-  
PIECE, REMEMBER?

YES! HA!  
HA! IT'S  
PERFECT!



THE STUDIO DOOR WAS LOCKED. AFTER A  
MOMENT, THE OLD WOMAN RAN FOR THE  
POLICE! AND...

IT'S ALL FINISHED!  
HA! HA!...

WE BETTER BREAK  
DOWN THE DOOR,  
CLANCY!

YEAH!



HE'S DEAD!

HEY, LOOK AT THIS! HE SAT  
BEFORE THE MIRROR,  
PAINTING!



EARLY THAT MORNING, BEAUMONT'S OLD HOUSE-  
KEEPER UNEXPECTEDLY RETURNED...

IT'S ALMOST DONE NOW! SURE, I'M FRIGHT-  
ENED! OH, I'M FRIGHTENED ALL RIGHT! THAT  
MAKES IT EVEN BETTER, DOESN'T IT?  
HA! HA! HA!

...HE'S GONE OUT  
OF HIS MIND!



THEN THERE WAS A CRASH INSIDE THE STUDIO,  
AND AS THE POLICEMEN BROKE THE DOOR...

MR. BEAUMONT! OHHH...



HIS SUPREME MASTERPIECE...AS HE SAT  
BEFORE THE MIRROR! HIS...SELF-PORTRAIT!





Here it is fellas! send for it **NOW!**

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# MASTER of the CATS!



JOHN WINGATE AND HIS WIFE, ALICE, WERE SURROUNDED BY ONE OF THE FOGS WHICH GIVE THE SPANISH HILL REGION A BAD REPUTATION...

ANY IDEA WHERE WE ARE, JOHN?

NO. MAYBE I'D BETTER PULL OVER TO THE SIDE OF THE ROAD AND WAIT UNTIL THE FOG LIFTS.



WAIT A MINUTE! ISN'T THAT A LIGHT UP AHEAD?

YES...IT IS! LET'S SEE IF WE CAN STAY THERE TONIGHT.











THE OLD MAN'S CATS! AND HE WANTED US TO LEAVE THE WINDOW OPEN!

ROWWWR!



OH...JOHN! JOHN! I'M SO FRIGHTENED! WHAT CAN WE DO?

THERE'S NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF. THEY'RE ONLY CATS! BUT I THINK WE'LL DO AS I SUGGESTED, AND LEAVE NOW... FOG OR NO FOG!



THIS TIME IT DIDN'T TAKE MUCH URGING TO CONVINCE ALICE TO LEAVE...

PLEASE HURRY, JOHN!

I LEFT SOME MONEY FOR OLD GATO...THERE'S NOTHING TO KEEP US NOW!



BUT...ALMOST AS IF TO ANSWER THAT REMARK...A SWIRLING SHAPE RACED OUT OF THE FOG...

WHAT'S THE MATTER, ALICE?

THE CAT, LOOK OUT! YOU'LL HIT IT!



I DID HIT IT! LET'S LEAVE IT THERE AND KEEP GOING!

NO! WE CAN'T DO THAT! IT MAY BE BADLY HURT!



WHAT HAS HAPPENED, SEÑORA?

ONE OF YOUR CATS, MR. GATO. I THINK ITS LEG IS BROKEN. IT RAN IN FRONT OF OUR CAR!



YES...AND I'D ALMOST SWEAR THE BLAMED CREATURE DID IT ON PURPOSE TO KEEP US HERE!

MAYBE SO, SEÑOR. HEH, HEH! MAYBE SO! PUT MY LITTLE SON DOWN ON THE COUCH.

I'LL TRY TO PUT A SPLINT ON ITS LEG!



IT WAS THEN THAT A SCREAM OF PAIN FILLED THE ROOM...AS THE INJURED CAT MOVED UNEXPECTEDLY...

OHHHH!

ALICE!



MY THROAT! HE...BIT...ME...

DARLING!

BRING HER IN HERE, SEÑOR. THIS ROOM HAS BEEN READY AND WAITING!



JOHN PUT ALICE TO BED AND SAT UP TO WATCH OVER HER. HIS EYES GRADUALLY CLOSED WITH THE FATIGUE OF THE LONG DAY, BUT SLEEP DID NOT LAST LONG... "WHAT!

OH...OHHH... R-O-W-W-W!

THE CATS ARE IN HERE! WHERE...



BUT FEAR TOUCHED JOHN'S HEART AS HE REALIZED NO CATS WERE THERE TO MAKE THE SOUND... Y...YES... I...

ALICE! I...MUST HAVE BEEN DREAMING. WAKE UP! IT WAS HORRIBLE. ARE YOU I THOUGHT I WAS ALL RIGHT? A...OH, JOHN...IT'S SO FRIGHTENING!



JOHN STAYED AWAKE THE REST OF THE NIGHT, SITTING AT THE FOOT OF THE BED...

WHY, JOHN... IT'S MORNING.

YES, DEAR... AND YOU'VE BEEN SLEEPING SINCE...SINCE... WAIT...I'LL GET YOU SOME BREAKFAST.



OH...I'M SORRY! I DIDN'T KNOW YOU HAD COMPANY...

COMPANY? NONSENSE, SEÑOR! THIS IS MY FAMILY...MY SONS. I WAS SURE YOU HAD MET THEM. ONLY, ONE IS MISSING TODAY... HE HAD A BROKEN LEG!



THE THOUGHT THAT RAN THROUGH JOHN WINGATE'S BRAIN ALMOST MADE HIM DOUBT HIS SANITY. AND YET HE HAD TO ASK... VERY

A BROKEN LEG? HOW... HOW ARE YOUR CATS...

HAPPY, SEÑOR. THEY HAVE BEEN LONELY SINCE THEIR SISTER DIED A MONTH AGO. BUT I DO NOT THINK THEY WILL BE LONELY ANY MORE.





THAT SENTENCE RE-ECHOED IN JOHN'S BRAIN ALL THROUGH THE LONG DAY. THEN AT NIGHT, WITH THE FOG STILL THICK, A SUDDEN CRY FROM HIS WIFE DREW HIM TO THE BEDROOM...



SHE...SCRATCHED ME! I'LL HAVE TO GET THE OLD MAN TO HELP HOLD HER DOWN.



AS JOHN RACED OUT OF THE ROOM, ALICE...OR WHAT HAD BEEN ALICE, LOOKING FOR ALL THE WORLD LIKE SOME GREAT WHITE CAT, HOPPED OUT OF THE BED...



ALICE! ALICE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?



THE FOG SWALLOWED UP ALICE'S FIGURE AS IF SHE HAD STEPPED INTO THE MOUTH OF SOME GREAT MONSTER...

FOR THE LOVE OF HEAVEN, ALICE, WHERE ARE YOU?

YOU WILL NEVER FIND HER, SEÑOR. SHE IS IN THE FOG... JOINING MY FAMILY!



CRAZY IDIOT! I'LL USE THE CAR TO LOOK FOR HER! THE HEADLIGHTS MIGHT PENETRATE THIS BLASTED FOG!



WINGATE'S JARRED NERVES ALMOST MADE HIM SCREAM WITH TERROR, AS A STRANGE FORM HURTTLED OUT OF THE DARKNESS, WHINING PITEOUSLY...

WHAT'S THAT?  
ANOTHER CAT?





JOHN'S REACTION WAS IMMEDIATE...  
AND WITHOUT THOUGHT...

GET AWAY FROM ME,  
YOU FILTHY BEAST!



BUT THE GREAT CAT WAS NOT  
EASILY DISCOURAGED. IT  
RACED ALONG BESIDE THE  
CAR, WHINING CONTINUOUSLY...

WON'T GIVE UP, WILL  
YOU? SEE HOW YOU LIKE...



TO JOHN WINGATE, THIS STRANGE  
CAT WAS A SYMBOL OF ALL THE  
EVIL THAT HAD COME UPON HIM  
THAT NIGHT. HE SWERVED THE  
WHEEL... HEADING RIGHT FOR THE  
WHINING ANIMAL...

...THIS!



GOOD LORD, SOUNDED MORE LIKE I  
HIT A TREE STUMP THAN A CAT! I'D  
BETTER INVESTIGATE!



EVEN AT THIS MOMENT, THE FULL HORROR OF THE  
SITUATION DID NOT FULLY PENETRATE THE HALF-CRAZED  
BRAIN...

ALICE! YOU! I HIT  
YOU! I THOUGHT I  
HIT A CAT!

YOU... DID!  
I... WAS... TH...



DEAD! AND I  
KILLED HER! I  
MUST GO BACK TO  
THE HOUSE! I  
MUST GET HELP!

BUT IT IS A HOPELESS TASK... THIS SEARCH! TRY AS  
HE MIGHT, JOHN WINGATE WAS NEVER ABLE TO FIND  
THE MASTER OF THE CATS AGAIN...

MR. GATO!  
MR. GATO!

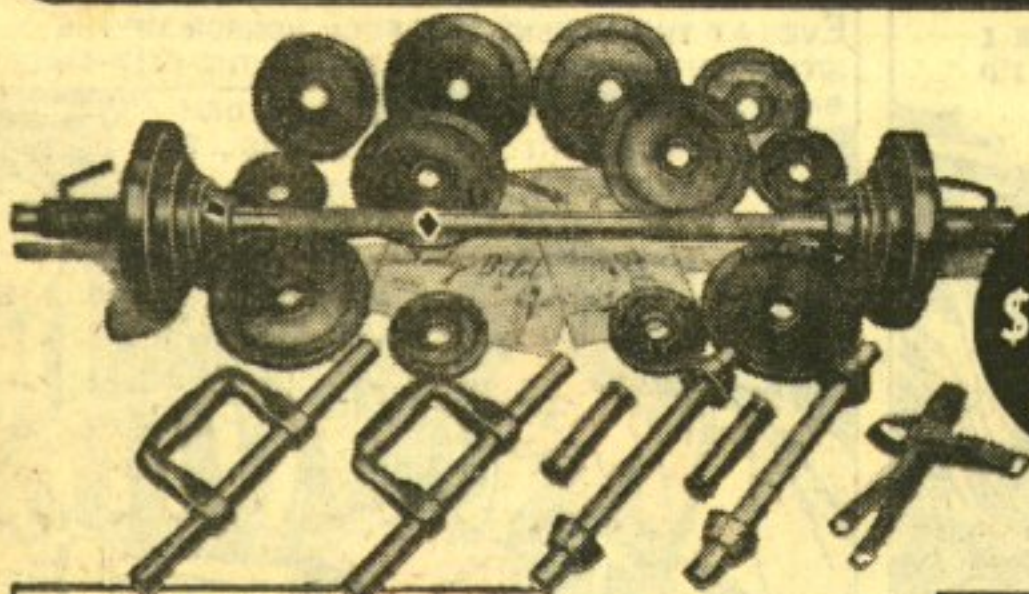




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# THE CELLAR OF BLOOD!

The world believes that Heinrich Himmler killed himself when he was finally captured. But the Army of Occupation Intelligence has heard a different story. We heard that the man who died was a double, and that Himmler actually had suicided in hiding and was secretly buried by his storm troop comrades. We had been searching for his burial place for some time — to learn the facts, for Himmler had been the foulest murderer in the world's history — six million had been the number of his innocent victims.

A captain, I had been attracted by a strange story told at one of our hospitals. Several men had been placed under restraint there. They had all been on guard duty near the old castle Aldenweir. Each had been found raving crazy in the morning ... and the name of Himmler had been mentioned in their ravings.

After listening to some of them I took a jeep and drove out to that partly ruined castle. The sun was setting. It was ancient, gloomy, forbidding. Darkness was falling as I entered, and my search-light barely illuminated a small area of the damp ruins. Groping black doorways ..... slimy worn steps ..... the whirr of bats was all about me! I heard a strange sound from below.

I descended the stairs that led down into the dungeon cellar. They twisted eerily and were treacherously steep. At the bottom, I found myself treading in something wet. I flashed my light down and saw that the floor of the old basement was covered with something sticky and moist. I heard the noise again; it seemed like a choking sort of

screaming. A faint reddish light shone.

Towards it I made my way slowly, my feet sucking deeper into the muck of the floor. An odor as of a butcher shop assailed my nostrils. I saw something coming towards me, stopped, called. There was no answer, only a sickly dripping sound and the choking. Then, around a pillar, it came into view.

It was a man, swollen, bloated, ten feet tall! It was greenish and monstrous. It was tailed and horned and scaly. Its face, distorted though it was, was that of the unspeakable Himmler! From every pore, from fingers and toes and torso, blood was dripping! It was blood, I realized, that covered the floor. Blood that flowed from this monster! The horror moved forwards towards me, groping, dripping, gurgling!

I stood there, transfixed with terror. I screamed, then turned and fought my way out of that castle, my feet slipping and sliding in a sea of gore.

Next day I recovered enough to call in a crew of G.I. engineers. They dug in that basement, covered with dried red scum, and they turned up the body of a man — of Heinrich Himmler. He had been buried there. They burned that body in a bonfire outside the castle.

What I had seen was the ghost of the greatest fiend that had ever lived in all the ten thousand tortured years of history. Dead though he was, he was doomed to wallow in that ocean of blood he had caused to flow. Burned, his ashes scattered, Himmler's ghost would walk no more!



# the KNIFE of JACK the RIPPER!



USELESS TO  
SCREAM! NO  
ONE ESCAPES  
ME OR MY  
KNIFE!

**WEE!**

GOLDFARB  
BAER

I AM SENDING YOU THIS STORY IN THE HOPES THAT  
SOMENOW YOU WILL FIND ME! I AM A DEADLY MENACE!  
I AM THE MAN WHO HAS BEEN KILLING MEN AND WOMEN  
IN THE DARK ALLEYS OF YOUR CITY. ...



THIS MANUSCRIPT CAME IN UNSOLICITED TO YOUR EDITOR. WE PRESENT IT HERE — AS A WARNING TO THOSE WHO MAY MEET THE MAN WHO CARRIES — THE *KNIFE OF JACK THE RIPPER!*

I WAS NOT ALWAYS A HOMICIDAL MANIAC. THAT IS THE *KNIFE'S* FAULT! IT BEGAN MONTHS AGO, WHEN I WAS A YOUNG CARPENTER DOING ODD JOBS AROUND THE TOWN...

BE RIGHT BACK,  
MA'AM. I NEED  
A KNIFE.

ALL RIGHT,  
YOUNG MAN.



I SAW A KNIFE IN A NEARBY PAWN SHOP. THERE WAS SOMETHING ABOUT IT THAT CAUGHT AND HELD MY EYES...



HARD TO TURN  
MY EYES AWAY  
FROM IT!  
ALMOST AS  
IF IT WERE  
ASKING ME  
TO BUY IT!



TAKE IT FOR A  
QUARTER! IT'S  
BAD FOR  
BUSINESS!  
FOLKS ARE  
AFRAID  
OF IT!

IT ISN'T  
THE KIND  
OF KNIFE  
I NEED...  
BUT THERE'S  
SOMETHING  
ABOUT IT  
THAT APPEALS  
TO ME!



A SHOCK RAN UP MY ARMS AND  
INTO MY BRAIN WHEN I TOOK  
THAT KNIFE IN MY HANDS! IT  
SEEMED TO SQUIRM AS IF IT  
WERE *ALIVE*!

ALMOST AS IF IT  
WAS TRYING TO  
*TELL ME*  
SOMETHING!



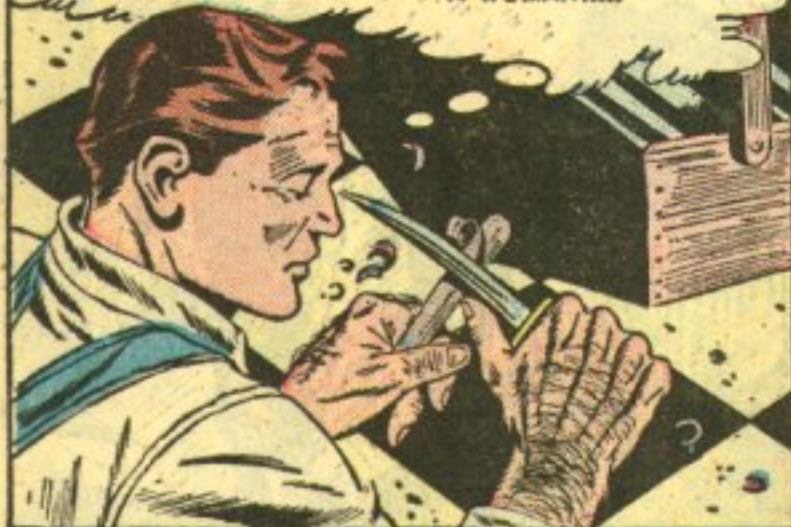
I HAD TO HAVE THAT KNIFE! I  
TOSSED A QUARTER ON THE  
COUNTER AND RAN OUT WITH IT,  
HIDING IT UNDER MY SHIRT!

CAN'T LET ANYBODY SEE IT!  
I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHAT  
IT WANTS TO TELL ME...



BACK AT THE HOUSE WHERE I WAS BUILDING  
SOME KITCHEN CABINETS, I TOOK IT OUT TO  
WHITTLE A DOLL-PIN, AND....

WHY, IT'S ALMOST AS IF I CAN SEE A SORT  
OF PICTURE WHEN I HOLD IT! A PICTURE OF A  
LONDON FOG, AND A MAN WALKING, FOLLOWING  
A WOMAN.....



LONDON, 1888. A FOGGY STREET. A WOMAN  
WALKING IN THE NIGHT... A MAN, BEHIND HER....!



A HAND REACHING OUT IN THE FOG, A WOMAN  
SCREAMING...



THAT KNIFE  
I SAW IN  
MY MIND'S  
EYE... DRIP-  
PING WITH  
A WOMAN'S  
BLOOD... WAS  
THE KNIFE  
I HELD IN  
MY HANDS!  
THE KNIFE  
OF THE  
DREAD,  
DEADLY—  
*JACK THE  
RIPPER!*





AS THE PICTURE FADED OUT, A SCREAM RANG IN MY EARS ...



I WHIRLED, AS IF COMING OUT OF A DAZE! I STARED AT MY REFLECTION IN THE MIRROR, AND A COLD CHILL GRIPPED MY SPINE!



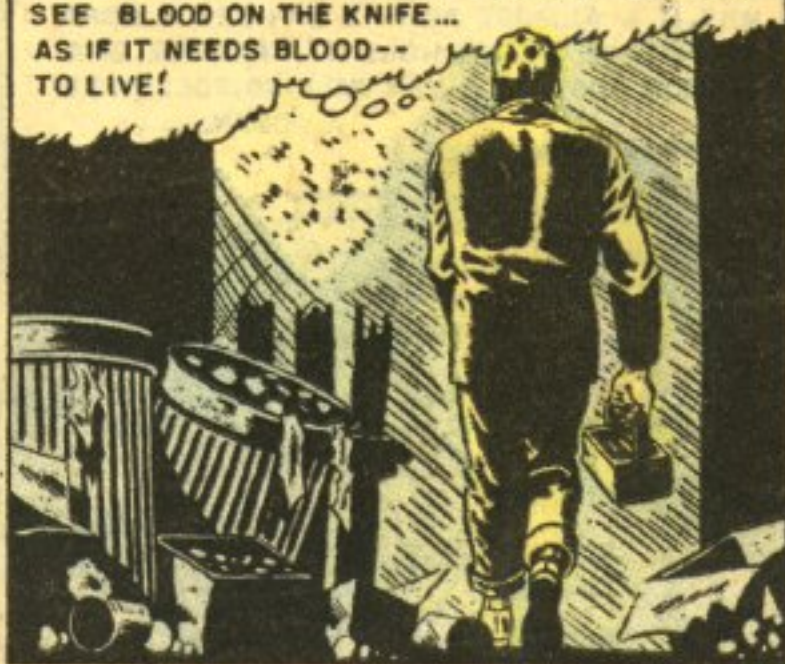
AND THEN SANITY TOOK OVER! I RUBBED MY HANDS ACROSS MY EYES AND STAGGERED OUT MUMBLING...

DON'T BOTHER TO COME BACK. I'LL G-GET SOME ONE ELSE TO FINISH THE JOB...

I-I'M SORRY I--I GUESS I'M SICK OR-- SOMETHING!



IT'S THE KNIFE! IT CHANGED ME, SOMEHOW! MADE ME DIFFERENT. MADE ME DREAM PICTURES OF KILLINGS! MADE ME WANT TO KILL PEOPLE... SEE BLOOD ON THE KNIFE... AS IF IT NEEDS BLOOD-- TO LIVE!



I PUT THE KNIFE AWAY, AND TRIED TO FORGET IT, BUT AS THE MOON ROSE INTO THE SKY...

GOT TO WRAP MY FINGERS AROUND IT... FEEL IT WRIGGLE... SEE THOSE PICTURES AGAIN...!



MAKES ME WANT TO LEARN WHAT IT'S LIKE TO KILL SOMEBODY, HEAR SOMEONE SCREAM IN FEAR! TO KNOW SHE'S AFRAID OF ME AND MY KNIFE...



FOR HOURS I CROUCHED IN THE STILL NIGHT, WAITING. SUDDENLY I HEARD THE TAP-TAPPING OF HIGH HEELS...





I COULD NOT HELP MYSELF! THE KNIFE MADE ME LEAP OUT OF THE SHADOWS WHERE I HID...

I...OOHHH!



DON'T BE AFRAID... IT WON'T HURT! THIS KNIFE KNOWS HOW TO KILL... INSTANTLY, QUICKLY! STOP SCREAMING...



YOU LITTLE FOOL... HOLD STILL!

NO...NO... PLEASE! DON'T KILL ME...!



SUDDENLY, THE KNIFE SEEMED TO MOVE OF ITS OWN POWER, AS IF IT SAW AN OPENING AND TOOK ADVANTAGE OF IT!

IT STABBED HER... BY ITSELF!



I STARED DOWN, MY BREATH SOBBING IN MY THROAT. I HAD NOT WANTED TO KILL HER...OR HAD I?

I DON'T KNOW! DID I DO IT... OR DID THE KNIFE?



I'M AFRAID! AFRAID! THE POLICE WILL FIND ME AND PUT ME IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR! BUT IF...IF I GET RID OF THE KNIFE...NO ONE WILL EVER KNOW ABOUT ME...



I STOOD ON THE BANK OF THE EAST RIVER AND THREW THE KNIFE... THEY'LL NEVER FIND IT! IT'LL SINK IN THE RIVER! THEN I'LL BE FREE OF ITS EVIL INFLUENCE...!





BUT AS I TURNED TO RUN A VOICE  
HAILED ME FROM THE RIVER WATERS.

HEY, YOU! YOU DROPPED YOUR  
KNIFE! IT FELL ON MY DECK.  
HERE, I'LL TOSS IT TO YOU!



IT CAME TWISTING AND TURNING  
THROUGH THE AIR TO FALL AT MY  
FEET. I KNEW THEN THAT THE  
KNIFE OF JACK THE RIPPER WAS  
NEVER GOING TO LET ME OUT  
OF ITS CLUTCHES...



IT WAS USELESS TO FIGHT ANY  
MORE...THE KNIFE HAD ME IN ITS  
GRIP! I KILLED, AND KILLED AGAIN!



IT MIGHT BE A WAITRESS WHO  
SERVED ME MY FOOD LATE AT NIGHT.

SHE WORKS UNTIL AFTER MID-  
NIGHT. I'LL GO TO A MOVIE  
AND THEN FOLLOW HER HOME!



SHE'LL NEVER GO HOME--  
NOW!



AGAIN, IT WAS A SWITCH-BOARD  
OPERATOR WHO WORKED UNTIL  
THE EARLY HOURS OF THE MORNING.





ONCE I  
CORNERED  
A WOMAN IN  
AN EVENING  
GOWN! HOW  
GOOD IT WAS  
TO SEE HER  
EYES WIDEN  
IN FEAR,  
TO LISTEN  
TO HER  
SHRIEK IN  
TERROR...



ONE NIGHT, A JANITOR SAW ME AND  
STARTED TO RUN FOR HELP...

HELP! POLICE! HELP! I'VE FOUND  
YOU FOOL! THE *KNIFE KILLER!*  
SHUT UP!



ALWAYS, AS THIS LUST TO  
KILL CAME OVER ME, AS I  
REACHED FOR THE KNIFE, MY  
HEART TWISTED INSIDE ME...

I DON'T WANT TO KILL!  
THE KNIFE IS MAKING  
ME!



AND SO I WRITE THIS  
LETTER...

MAYBE BY  
PUBLISHING THIS STORY...  
MY STORY AND THE STORY  
OF THE KNIFE OF JACK  
THE RIPPER... THE POLICE  
WILL CATCH ME!



YOU MAKE ME KILL!  
THE EVIL IS INSIDE YOU!  
I'M NOT GOING TO, NOT  
ANY MORE! YOU CAN'T  
MAKE ME... NOT AGAIN...  
NO... NO...



BUT IT ALWAYS WINDS UP THE SAME WAY...

REMEMBER MY WARN-  
ING! CALL THE POLICE!  
REMEMBER... MY NEXT  
VICTIM MAY BE...





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# THE STORY BEHIND THE COVER

## TENANT OF THE LOST PYRAMID!

Dr. Vettry turned to me, smiled enigmatically, and went on with his remarks. "And so now that we are here at last, here in the lost valley in Egypt, so far beyond what we call civilization, I want to tell you more of what we expect to find."

I leaned on my pick, watched him. Beside us loomed the strange featureless brick wall of the Lost Pyramid, soaring up vast and time-yellowed against the grey rocky walls of that hidden valley. Our tents stood alone and forlorn in the sandy wastes that filled the valley's basin. For miles, in all directions, we were alone — our guides far away, just the three of us here. There was the fanatical time-lined face of the world-famous Egyptologist; a man who had spent decades in the curse-laden pastime of robbing the tombs of ancient pharaohs, of despoiling the buried temples of forgotten demon-gods.

There was his daughter, Vera, young, lovely, just out of college, her face still sparkling with the zest of youth on its first adventure. Finally, there was myself, young enough to appreciate the novelty of this strange work, honored by my role of assistant to the great archeologist.

"I have told you how I found the parchment which told of the whereabouts of this Lost Pyramid. It was clutched in the withered hands of a sacrificed priest of Anubis. I have told you that it gave specific instructions for

finding this unmapped valley and its most secret of tombs. What I did not tell you was that it spoke of the nature of this pyramid's great secret. Anubis, you know, was the mystery god of Ancient Egypt, the god of its Hell. This tomb was his most guarded mystery — for it contains the terrible secret of Eternal Life. In this parchment, it is termed the 'Life-in-Death'."

I stared up at the pyramid before which we toiled. It had been featureless when we had found it, with only the piled dust of ages obscuring its base. Now we had found the stone door which had been hidden beneath that dust. We had pried it open, and in the small stone antechamber beyond, we had found only the usual trappings of the ancients — carved funeral masks, crumbling clay, clay statues of the monster-headed gods of the Elder Dynasties, the grey mummies of sacred cats — and another inner door set at the end of a dark, bare passage leading into the very heart of the pyramid.

Dr. Vettry clutched my hand with the grip of one obsessed. "I have reason to believe that within this tomb there is sleeping a man who is not dead. He was a priest of Anubis — they called him the Mad Priest. He dared to challenge his horrible god's dominion over the Region of the Dead — and as a result he was condemned — to Eternal Life! He lies somewhere *beyond that door*, waiting to rise and



walk again at the call of pulsing blood!"

That very morning we had planted a small explosive charge in the corner of that innermost door. Not too much, but just enough to break the aged seals that held it tight. Now Dr. Vettry took the switch that attached to the detonation wire, glanced once again at the connections, and placed it in Vera's hand. "You must be the one to press it," he said. "Not that it would matter, perhaps, but the parchment said that the door must be opened by a woman. After all, it is a small thing for us to do to oblige the ancients."

Vera took the switch, her eyes alight but troubled. She turned to us. "Surely you cannot really believe that wild story? You cannot really think that a man can be kept alive, in a state of drugged sleep, for over five thousand years?"

Dr. Vettry smiled his weird smile. "Who knows, my dear? Though I suppose we shall only find another mummy — yet, it may be a curious secret."

Vera pressed the switch. There was a muffled boom, and a cloud of grey smoke and dust welled out of the opening in the pyramid. We all coughed and sneezed. Gradually the pall of smoke began to settle, but a cloud of it still hung wispily in the unlit passageway that led into the depths of the structure.

"We'll have to wait for it to clear away," I said, trying to pierce the hanging, swirling smoke. Then I gasped, held my breath, listened. We heard something, we all heard it, deep within the pyramid. There was a crumbling sound, then a swishing noise, then — yes, then — footsteps! Foot falls!

Slow, painful, halting. The doctor's face went pale. Vera stared, started slowly forward as if hypnotized by the eerie sounds. I raised my pick, fearfully held it as if waiting.

Then, from the mouth of the ancient Lost Pyramid, through the grey dust swirls, came a figure. It emerged into the harsh North African sun, walking slowly, creakily, towards Vera.

It was a man, a mummy. Its body, which had been wrapped in a browning funeral shroud, in strips of incense-soaked linen

such as was used to wrap the dead, was showing itself as the time-rotted cloth shredded away. A greyish, dead flesh, a body which had been slowly drying for a hundred generations, was now appearing. The head was no skeleton, but that of a man, of a man who had laid entrapped beyond the beginning of time. Flesh, bare flesh; against sharp bone. His eyes shone green and hungry. His yellowing cracked teeth were bared, and his bone-thin hands were raised before him, raised to clutch at the life that had been so long denied him.

Vera screamed. The mummy moved on towards her. Dr. Vettry fell down on his knees, yelling: "It's true, it's true! The mummy lives! The black power of Anubis still rules!"

But I recovered my senses. I snatched my pick up, dashed forward, and swung the heavy implement.

The mummy turned, threw up its hands at me. I smelt a smell of incenses and of the dust that had once tickled the nostrils of a forgotten Pharaoh. I stared into the haunted and hell-lit eyes of a man who should have been dead five thousand years and had refused to die. And my heavy iron pick fell square upon the ancient skull.

There was a sickening crunch, a moment of dreadful suspension, when the mummy opened his mouth and screamed a scream that reeked of the agonies of a hundred unspeakable tortures. It fell, skull split wide, at my feet.

Before our shocked eyes, the thing crumbled into dust, crumbled into a mass of dusty flesh and pocked white bones.

We have recovered, the three of us, and we have sealed off the Lost Pyramid. We have returned to Cairo and to "civilization". But there is a seal of secret upon our lips. In Dr. Vettry's possession there is a parchment, written by a wizard thousands of years dead, which carries a formula for the eternal preservation of life. And I know, though I dare not denounce him, that Dr. Vettry plans to find a new tenant for that ancient tomb. But it is not going to be Vera—or myself. It may, perhaps, be you.



# OPERATION HORROR!



WAS IT A DREAM? THE APPEARANCE OF THIS MONSTER OF A PREHISTORIC AGE? WAS IT IMAGINATION? WAS IT POSSIBLE THAT THIS SHAGGY CREATURE COULD STEP OUT OF THE PAST AND TURN THE PRESENT INTO A PRIMEVAL BLOOD-BATH? IT WAS A *HORRIFYING REALITY!* THE CAVE MAN HAD COME BACK... AND HIS MISSION WAS... *MURDER!*

IT IS PAST MIDNIGHT. RAIN LASHES THE SULLEN WOODS. WIND HOWLS ACROSS THE ROLLING HILLS. AN OLD HOUSE IS VISIBLE! THE HOUSE IS DARK EXCEPT FOR LIGHTS WHICH BURN BRIGHTLY IN A LOWER WING...



IT IS THE LABORATORY OF DR. GORDELL...

IF THIS LAST EXPERIMENT FAILS, ROGER, MY ELIXIR WILL BE PROVEN USELESS!

ELIXIR FOR *WHAT*, SIR? I'VE BEEN YOUR ASSISTANT FOR A YEAR, AND *I STILL* DON'T KNOW WHAT YOUR IDEA IS!







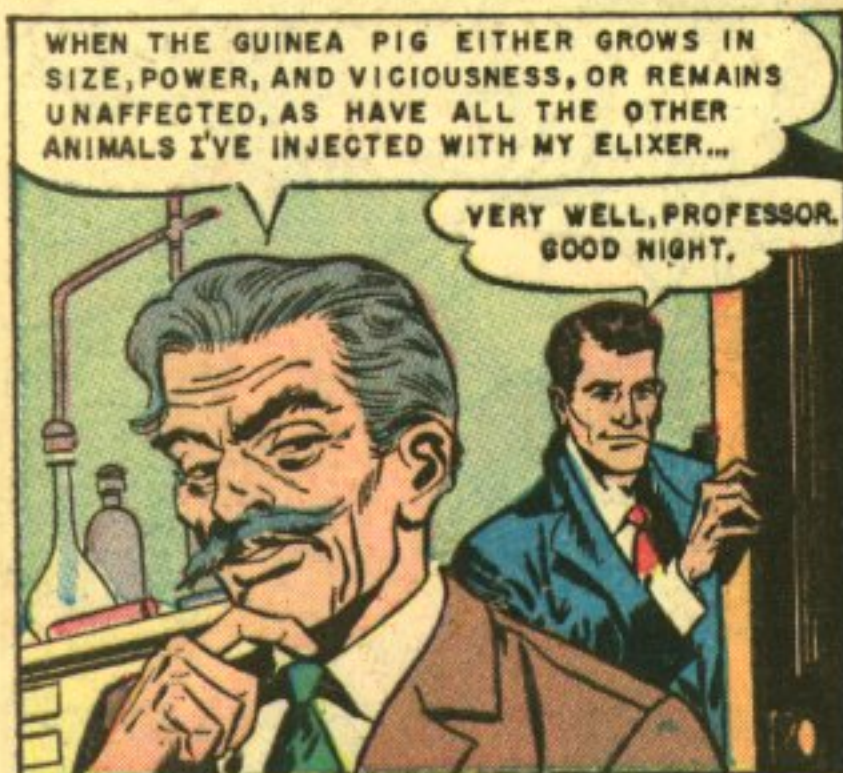
I WISH I COULD TELL YOU, BUT I CAN'T TELL MY EXPERIMENTS SUCCEED!

IT'S TORTURE TO WORK IN THE DARK, NEVER KNOWING WHAT I'M DOING, OR WHY...



FAILURE IS THE ONLY TRUE TORTURE, ROGER. PLEASE SET THE CLOCK, AND GO TO BED... IT'S PAST TWO...

WHAT ABOUT YOU? WHEN WILL YOU REST?



WHEN THE GUINEA PIG EITHER GROWS IN SIZE, POWER, AND VICIOUSNESS, OR REMAINS UNAFFECTED, AS HAVE ALL THE OTHER ANIMALS I'VE INJECTED WITH MY ELIXIR...

VERY WELL, PROFESSOR. GOOD NIGHT,



IT'S BEDTIME... SLEEP, PEACE FOR EVERY MAN BUT ME! I, POOR SLAVE, AM CHAINED TO A DREAM... *I MUST SUCCEED!*



*I MUST* CREATE AN ELIXIR TO RESTORE THE VIGOR AND POWER MAN HAD IN THE PRIMEVAL ERA... AND IN TWO HOURS --- I'LL HAVE THE ANSWER!



MEANWHILE, ON THE SECOND FLOOR OF THE HOUSE...

ROGER! ISN'T FATHER GOING TO SLEEP, TOO?

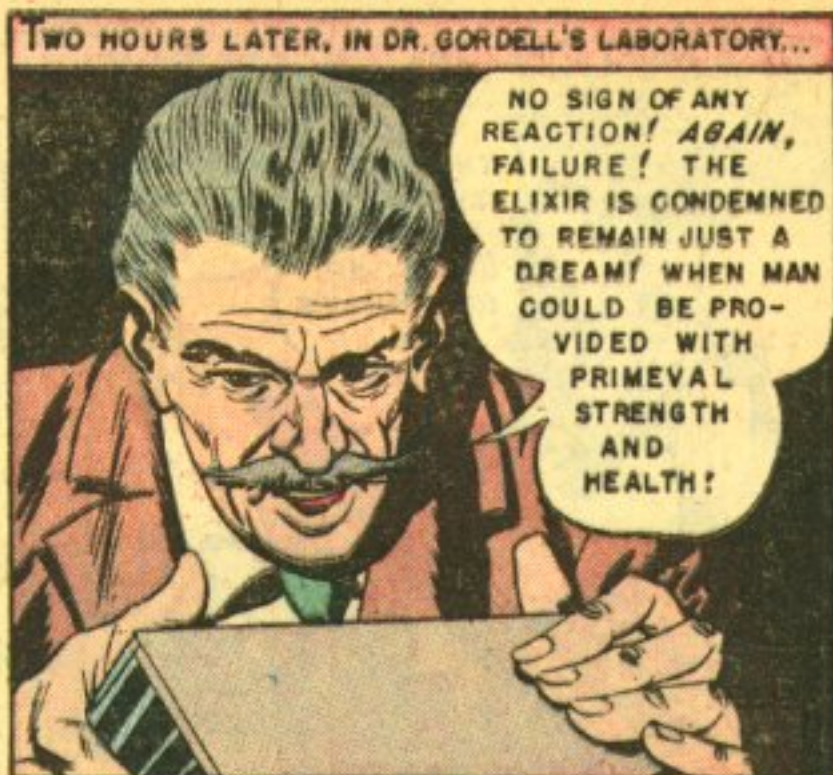
NOT YET, DIANE. HEAVEN KNOWS WHAT HE'S WORKING AT! IT MIGHT BE THE WRONG THING, THEN SUCCESS CAN BE A *DISASTER!*



BUT FATHER IS A SCIENTIST! WOULD HE GIVE HIS LIFE FOR THE PURSUIT OF SOMETHING *EVIL?*

THE DANGER LIES IN HIS DESPERATE CRAVING FOR SUCCESS! HE MIGHT TRY *ANYTHING* TO GAIN IT!





DR. GORDELL SWALLOWS THE MYSTIC POTION... IMMEDIATELY A CHANGE COMES OVER HIS FACE! IT BECOMES BRUTISH, THE TEETH BECOME FANGS, THE HAIR BECOMES LONG AND MATTED...



WITH A GROWL, THE BEAST LUNGES OUT OF THE LABORATORY AND LUMBERS INTO THE NIGHT...





FOR A SHORT TIME, THE CONFUSED BEAST CRASHES ABOUT IN THE WOODS. SUDDENLY...



GROWLING SAVAGELY, THE CAVE MAN BRINGS THE CLUB AROUND WITH A SICKENING THUD...



INTO THE AIR GOES THE MAN!...AS HAIRY FINGERS OF STEEL SQUEEZE HIS LIFE AWAY...



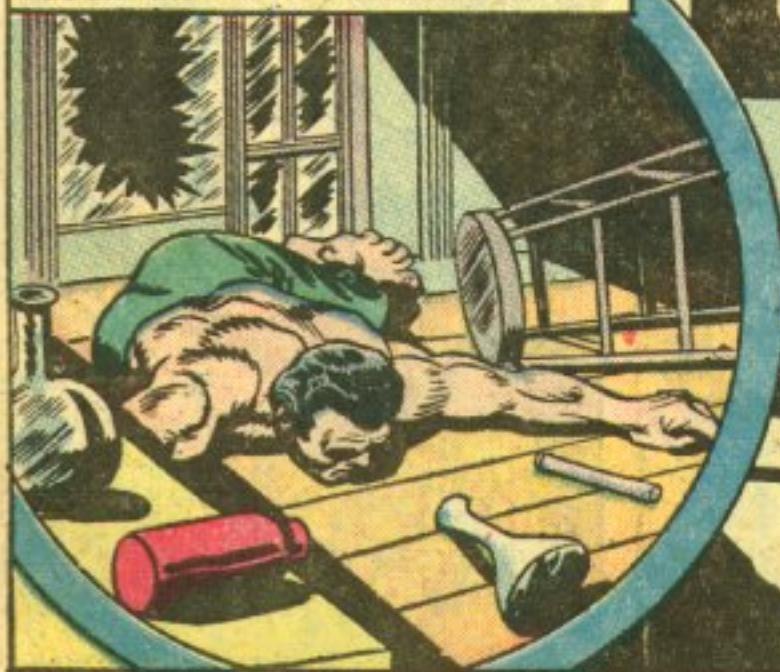
THE BEAST TOSSES ITS INERT VICTIM ASIDE. BUT PAINS SUDDENLY SHOOT THROUGH THE MONSTER'S BRAIN! HIS VISION BLURS! THE WOODS SWIM BEFORE HIS GAZE...



DESPERATELY, THE MONSTER STUMBLES THROUGH THE WOODS...BACK TO THE ONLY HOME HE REMEMBERS...A BRIGHT, GLASS ENCLOSED CAVE...



HE REACHES THE ROOM...SUDDENLY, THE GLARING LIGHT SPINS OUT OF VIEW...THE BEAST FALLS TO THE FLOOR WITH A THUNDEROUS CRASH!



WHEN MORNING LIGHT STREAMS INTO THE LABORATORY, IT GLISTENS ON THE BROKEN GLASS AND SHATTERED APPARATUS...

DR. GORDELL! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

WHAT HAPPENED HERE?

H...HELP ME TO MY FEET, ROGER. I...I HAD A DIZZY SPELL...







DID THE GUINEA PIG SHOW ANY CHANGE?

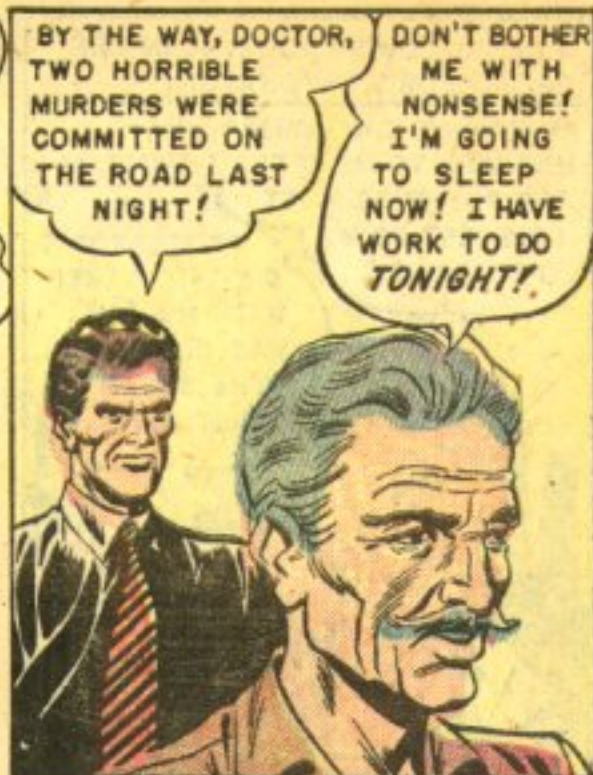
GUINEA PIG? ROGER DOESN'T KNOW ABOUT MY DRINKING THE POTION?--BUT I DON'T REMEMBER ANYTHING ABOUT IT, EITHER! AFTER I DRANK THE ELIXIR I BLACKED OUT!



PROFESSOR, DID YOU DRINK ANY OF THIS?

THE GLASS MUST HAVE TUMBLLED OVER WHEN I FAINTED!

WHAT HAPPENED BETWEEN THE TIME I DRANK THE ELIXIR AND THIS MORNING? I MUST DRINK IT AGAIN TONIGHT AND FIND OUT!



BY THE WAY, DOCTOR, TWO HORRIBLE MURDERS WERE COMMITTED ON THE ROAD LAST NIGHT!

DON'T BOTHER ME WITH NONSENSE! I'M GOING TO SLEEP NOW! I HAVE WORK TO DO TONIGHT!



THAT'S STRANGE! THE WINDOW IS COMPLETELY SMASHED! WHO COULD HAVE DONE IT?



BUT DR. GORDELL CONTINUES HIS EXPERIMENTS! THAT NIGHT, BEHIND BOLTED DOORS, HE AGAIN DRINKS THE POTION.

AGAIN THE BEAST STANDS IN THE SHOES OF THE EMINENT SCIENTIST. HE BECOMES A PRIMORDIAL CREATURE...



BEN, LOOK!

HOLY MACKEREL!



AGAIN THE BEAST LURCHES BACK TO THE LABORATORY. AGAIN AMNESIA DESTROYS THE MEMORY OF THE NIGHT'S EVENTS. SO THE NEXT NIGHT, THE POTION IS AGAIN DRUNK, AND THE BEAST SALLIES FORTH ONCE MORE INTO THE STORM!

EEAHHH!

THIS TIME THE VICTIM IS A HAPLESS TRAMP!



THE FOLLOWING MORNING IN THE PROFESSOR'S LABORATORY--

WHY CAN'T I REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENS TO ME AFTER I SWALLOW THE POTION? I MUST BE KEEP TESTING MY REACTIONS!

THE PROFESSOR'S SHOES! COVERED WITH MUD! HE WAS OUTSIDE IN THE STORM LAST NIGHT.



THAT NIGHT... I DON'T KNOW WHAT WE'RE GOING TO DISCOVER TONIGHT, BUT BE PREPARED FOR THE WORST!

ROGER... COMING OUT OF THE LABORATORY! IT CAN'T BE FATHER! THIS MAN'S TOO BIG!



LOOK AT THE SIZE OF HIM!

IT'S THE LUNATIC THE PAPERS ARE TALKING ABOUT! LET'S FOLLOW HIM! MAYBE WE CAN PREVENT ANOTHER TRAGEDY!



THE BEAST, FOLLOWING THE SCENT OF ANIMALS, COMES TO A NEARBY FAIR GROUNDS--SUDDENLY...

ROGER, HE'S COMING FOR US!

QUICK, DIANE! INTO THIS TENT!



NO, HE'S TOO QUICK. WHY DOES HE WANT TO KILL US, ROGER?

KILLING IS THE DEEPEST INSTINCT OF HIS VICIOUS NATURE! WAIT! LOOK AT THE GORILLA CAGE! THE SIGHT OF THE CAVE MAN HAS EXCITED THE APE TO SUPER STRENGTH! HE'S BREAKING THROUGH THE BARS!



IN A FLASH THE TWO MONSTERS ARE LOCKED IN TIME-WORN CONFLICT--THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST!

WHO'S WINNING, ROGER?

NEITHER! THEY'LL FIGHT TO THE DEATH! THEY'LL KILL EACH OTHER!



ROGER DORNE IS RIGHT. BOTH BEASTS PERISH. BUT AS THE CAVE MAN DRAWS HIS LAST BREATH, HIS FACE AND FORM CHANGE!

IT'S FATHER! (SOB) OH, HOW DID HE EVER BECOME THAT?

THE POTION, DIANE. IT TRANSFORMED YOUR FATHER INTO A CAVE MAN!



THAT NIGHT, ROGER DORNE SPILLED OUT THE REST OF THE ELIXIR... "EXPERIMENT HORROR" WAS FINISHED. SO WAS THE MAN WHO DARED TO TAMPER WITH THE SECRETS OF NATURE!





WIN POWER OVER MEN with these COMPELLING PERFUMES!

## Do You Want to Make Men OBEY YOU?



Do you want to make him love you wildly, fiercely? Do you want to make him say, "Darling, I adore you. I worship you. I'll do ANYTHING for you!" Do you want to make him OBEY your every command? Then use CHEZ-ELLE (What a Perfume) to help you CONTROL Men. One woman told me that CHEZ-ELLE is the STRONGEST perfume she ever used. Another woman told us that she blesses the day she first used CHEZ-ELLE, because now her husband comes home at night to help her.

Just send me your name and address and I will rush a Trial Bottle of CHEZ-ELLE (What a Perfume) to you. When the postman delivers CHEZ-ELLE in a plain package, deposit only \$2 plus postage (3 for \$5) with him on this GUARANTEE: Use CHEZ-ELLE for 10 days. If you don't agree that CHEZ-ELLE is the most POWERFUL perfume you ever used, return it and I'll send your \$2 right back. Write NOW!

## DRAW MEN to YOU with the CHARM of TRYST



DEAR FRIEND: You must have heard of that wonderful perfume of Delilah that was even greater than the strength of Samson. Then YOU know of TRYST, the strange and wonderful perfume that helps you CONTROL MEN and makes them do what YOU want them to.

If YOU want to DRAW MEN to YOU and BEND them to YOUR will, then you must try the Charm of TRYST. Just send me your name and address. When the postman brings you the Charm of TRYST, deposit only \$2 plus postage (3 for \$5). Use it YOURSELF for 10 days. If you don't say that the Charm of TRYST is the Most Powerful YOU ever used, I GUARANTEE to send back your \$2. Some of your best friends are using the Charm of TRYST now, so send for yours too!

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And so I blended an exotic perfume called FURY. I called it FURY because it captures the great POWER OVER MEN that FURY had. And like that exotic dancer, Fury commands, and men leap to obey because they fear FURY.

If YOU would like to try the exotic POWER of FURY, just send me your name and address. When the postman delivers FURY, deposit only \$2 plus postage with him (3 for \$5) on My GUARANTEE: Try the POWER of FURY for only 10 days. If you are not satisfied, I'll send your \$2 back. But please use FURY carefully. It is very powerful.

## Do YOU want to MARRY NOW?



YOU must have heard of certain perfumes that have an almost MAGIC-like POWER OVER MEN! LOVESCENT is one of these perfumes. YOU should USE YOUR POWER to MAKE HIM MARRY YOU! So send for your LOVESCENT today, NOW! because LOVESCENT is so very carefully and delicately blended to BRING TOGETHER two loving hearts for ever and ever.

Send me your name and address only. When the postman brings LOVESCENT, my COMPELLING perfume, deposit \$2 plus postage (3 for \$5) on my GUARANTEE: If you are not completely satisfied, I will send your \$2 right back. You must be THRILLED with the POWER that makes LOVESCENT what you want. Send NOW and I will RUSH it to YOU.

## Can YOU make STRONG Men WEAK?



Do YOU dream of THRILLING moments of LOVE and ECSTASY? These CAN be YOURS, if you only LEARN HOW to induce the man you love to love only YOU. Place a little BLUE PASSION on the palms of your hands and behind your ears. Do this for a week and watch the way BLUE PASSION works for YOU! Let BLUE PASSION help bring him into your arms for NOW and FOREVER. Just send me your name and address. When the postman brings BLUE PASSION, deposit only \$2 plus postage (3 for \$5). Use BLUE PASSION as directed for 10 days. If you are not delighted, I will return your \$2. Send NOW for BLUE PASSION.

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DEAR FRIEND: Are You alone? Unhappy? Discouraged? Are YOU a girl who just can't seem to find the RIGHT man? An unhappy girl I know told me how wonderful life is since she started using Friendly GOSSIP. She's not alone and unhappy any more! Another girl swears that Friendly GOSSIP helped bring her SUCCESS and her own TRUE LOVER. Let me RUSH a trial bottle of Friendly GOSSIP to YOU. Just send me your name and address. When the postman brings Friendly GOSSIP, deposit only \$2 plus postage (3 for \$5) on my GUARANTEE: Use it for 10 days and if you don't think that it is exactly what you want, I'll send your \$2 back. Don't YOU be the unhappy girl they talk about. Send NOW for Friendly GOSSIP Perfume.



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(Print Plainly)





# BE A SUCCESS AS A RADIO-TELEVISION TECHNICIAN

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If you expect to go into military service, mail coupon NOW. Knowing Radio, TV, Electronics can help you get extra rank, extra prestige, more interesting duty or pay up to several times a private's base pay. You are also prepared for good Radio-TV jobs upon leaving service. IT'S SMART TO TRAIN WITH N. E. I. NOW. Mail Coupon TODAY.

## 1. EXTRA MONEY IN SPARE TIME

Many students make \$5, \$10 a week extra fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time while learning. The day you enroll I start sending you SPECIAL BOOKLETS to show you how to do this. Tester you build with parts I send helps you service sets. All equipment is yours to keep.

## 2. GOOD PAY JOB

Your next step is a good job installing and servicing Radio-Television sets or becoming boss of your own Radio-Television sales and service shop or getting a good job in a Broadcasting Station. Today there are over 90,000,000 home and auto Radios. 3100 Broadcasting Stations are on the air. Aviation and Police Radio, Micro-Wave Relay, Two-Way Radio are all expanding, making more and better opportunities for servicing and communication technicians and FCC licensed operators.

## 3. BRIGHT FUTURE

And think of the opportunities in Television! In 1950 over 5,000,000 Television sets were sold. By 1954 authorities estimate 25,000,000 Television sets will be in use. Over 100 Television Stations are now operating, with experts predicting 1,000. Now is the time to get in line for success and a bright future in America's fast-growing industry. Be a Radio-Television Technician. Mail coupon for Lesson and Book—FREE.

## I Will Train You at Home

**Read How You Practice Servicing or Communications  
with Many Kits of Parts You Get!**

### I TRAINED THESE MEN

**Chief Engineer, Police Radio**  
"After finishing the N. E. I. course, worked for servicing shop. Now I am Chief Engineer of WQUN, Police Radio Installation, 3 W. DUNWIDIE, Jacksonville, FL."

**Over 100 Month Spare Time**  
"When I enrolled, had no idea it would be so easy to learn. Have equipped my shop out of spare time earnings. I am clearing about \$40 to \$50 a month. Full credit to N. E. I." — J. D. KNIGHT, Dallas, Texas.

**120 Week in Spare Time**  
"Before finishing your course, I earned as much as \$10 a week in Radio servicing, at home. In my spare time, I recommend N. E. I. to everyone who shows interest in Radio." — J. A. FETTER, Miami, Fla.

**Has Had Job Through N. E. I.**  
"My first job was operator with KDKA, obtained for me by your Graduate Service Dept. I am now Chief Engineer of Police Radio Station WQUN, 3 W. DUNWIDIE, Jacksonville, FL."

**Shop Specialist in Television**  
"Have my own shop. An authorized serviceman for 3 large manufacturers and do servicing for 7 dealers. N. E. I. has enabled me to build an enviable reputation in Television." — F. MILLER, Maumee, C.

**NRI Graduate Owns Shop**  
"Am with Station WKBQ as transmitter operator. Have more than doubled salary since starting in Radio. Future looks bright. N. E. I. has been constant help to me." — A. BERN, New Cumberland, Pa.

**Years of Success with Shop**  
"I operate my own shop and have over 100 customers. My profits average about \$20 a month. Have had years of successful experience and I still praise N. E. I. training." — J. E. ANDERSON, Atlanta, Ga.

**Keeps His Servicing Shop**  
"Am proud of my diploma. I cannot say enough for the N. E. I. course. Regret I didn't take it years ago when I used to see your ads. Now I have a spare time shop." — FRANK S. TUCKER, Hilltop Village, Va.



**YOU BUILD** this modern Radio (above) as part of my Servicing Course. Build this complete, powerful Radio Receiver that brings in local and distant stations. N. E. I. gives you ALL the Radio parts—speaker, tubes, chassis, transformer, sockets, loop antenna, EVERYTHING you need. You use material to get practical Radio experience. Make EXTRA money fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time while training.

**YOU MEASURE** current, voltage (AC, DC and RF), resistance and impedance in circuits with Electronic Multimeter (above right) you build as part of my Servicing or Communications Course.

**YOU BUILD** this Transmitter (right). As part of my Communications Course, I SEND YOU parts to build this low-power broadcasting transmitter. You learn how to put a station "on the air," perform procedures demanded of Broadcast Station operators, make many practical tests.

**YOU BUILD** this Waveform (below) in my Communications Course with parts I send you. Use it to determine accuracy of operation and make other tests on transmitter circuits. You conduct many interesting experiments.



**NOW! Advanced  
Television Practice**  
New, special TV kits furnished to build high-definition SCOPE, RF OSCILLATOR with flyback power supply, complete TV set—many other units. You get pulse, impedance, saw-tooth wave forms. Get valuable PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE locating and correcting TV troubles. Mail coupon for facts, pictures and prices!



### Mail Coupon For 2 Books FREE

Get Now! Send for my FREE DOUBLE OFFER. Coupon entitles you to actual lesson on Servicing; shows how you learn Radio-Television at home. You'll also receive my 64-page book, "How to Be a Success in Radio-Television." You'll read what my graduates are doing, earning; see photos of equipment you practice with at home. Send coupon in envelope or paste on postal. J. E. SMITH, Pres., Dept. INN1, National Radio Institute, Washington 5, D. C. Our 38th year.

### Good for Both—FREE

Mr. J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. INN1  
National Radio Institute, Washington 5, D. C.  
Mail me Sample Lesson and 64-page Book about How to Win Success in Radio-Television. Both FREE. (No salesman will call. Please write plainly.)

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Approved Under G. E. R.I.

**The ABC's of  
SERVICING**

**How to Be a  
Success  
in RADIO-  
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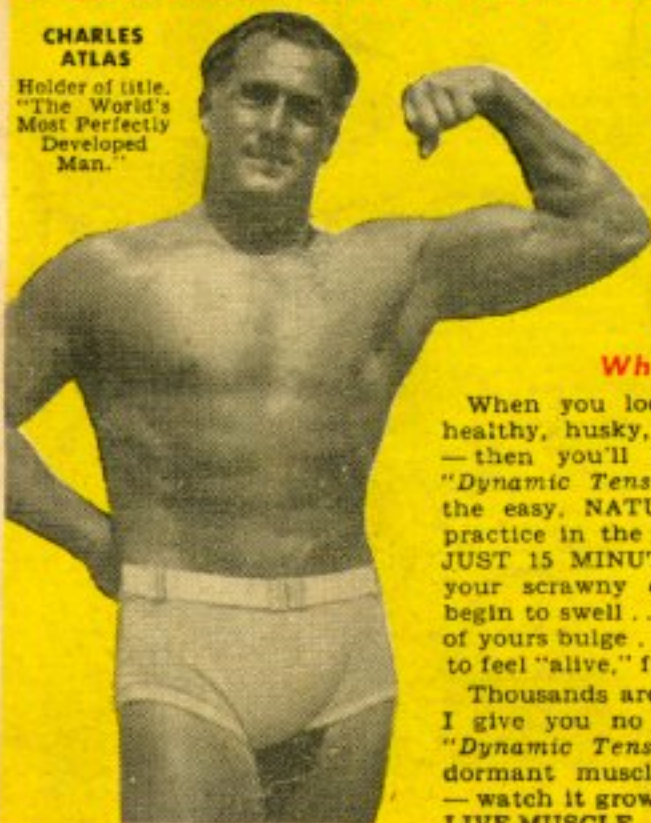


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